

*Flux and Form:*  
*The Geography of Time in*  
*"The Beautiful Ones Are Not Yet Born"*

DEREK WRIGHT

**G**ERALD MOORE has taken the idea of a synchronic continuum to be peculiar to traditional concepts of time in Africa: "since whatever has happened or will happen to the living man exists within him at the present moment, there is a sense in which all experience enjoys a simultaneous reality."<sup>1</sup> Time is a flux of "past, present, and future which all exist simultaneously in the continuum of spacetime"<sup>2</sup> The idea that all events contain the possibility of other past or future events informs religious conceptualizations of time as a cyclic reality in which, as in Soyinka's Yoruba cosmology, "present life contains within it manifestations of the ancestral, the living and the unborn."<sup>3</sup> Arguing from cyclicalist premises, some anthropologists have suggested that traditional societies view the passage of time, in the sense of advancing non-repetitive change, as something deleterious and therefore seek, through annual rituals of annulment and the refusal of printed memory, to conceal from themselves the fact of alteration and to return to the beginning.<sup>4</sup> Time is given spatial contours in order that it may more easily be ritually carried away at some annual or periodic ceremony and thus symbolically cancelled and obliterated. This idea finds its most crudely exaggerated expression in Mircea Eliade's theory that ritual acts perform archetypal gestures which aim at the abolition of history through the re-enactive return to an initial cosmogenic act.<sup>5</sup>

Dennis Duerden takes the contrary view that opposition to memorial retention of time is not designed to annul or deny evidence of change and thus to reject historical time but is instead

intended to prevent the slavish imitation of inherited models that stops change from taking place: time's destructiveness is, in fact, accepted.<sup>6</sup> Arguing against the structural models of Victor Turner,<sup>7</sup> Duerden re-locates in the structure itself the dynamic instability and disposition to change that Turner attributes to liminal anti-structures; he sees the varying patterns of destroying and preserving records by groups within a traditional society as a matter of pragmatic and subjective convenience. In keeping with his placing of harmonious equilibrium above preserved rigidity, he argues, more flexibly, that traditional acephalous communities have no universal time-absolutes but create fluidly multi-calendared, fan-like, isochronous time-structures, each group inhabiting its own unique temporal universe, which may be linear, cyclical, pendular or any other shape.<sup>8</sup> The constant factor behind these variants seems to be the idea of an endlessly returning rhythmic continuum, as stated by John S. Mbiti:

Outside the reckoning of the year, African time concept is silent and indifferent. People expect the years to come and go, in an endless rhythm like that of day and night, and like the waning and waxing of the moon. They expect the events of the rain season, planting, harvesting, dry season, rain season again, planting again, and so on to continue for ever. Each year comes and goes, adding to the time dimension of the past.<sup>9</sup>

The shape of the continuum may vary, Mbiti's own model having a narrow arc at the future end and a broad curve to represent the past at the other, a curve so vast in its sweep that it looks more like a straight, stopped line. The illusion of termination is not surprising because Mbiti views time in traditional Africa as a backward motion from a "sasa" dimension, consisting of the present and the immediately possible future, into a "zamani" dimension, a final storehouse of past events beyond which time cannot go (Mbiti, pp. 22-28). Sunday Anozie restates these definitions in terms of diachrony and synchrony taken from Lévi-Strauss,<sup>10</sup> although Mbiti argues that the radical discontinuities of linear and diachronic time, which can be conceived as coming to an end, have no place in traditional African thought (Mbiti, pp. 17, 23). The largely unnoticed, very African time-consciousness which figures strongly in Armah's large reper-

toire of time-concepts touches upon each of these ideas at some time, vestigial though they may be for modern urban Africa. In addition to western linear change and diachronic energy, time is a ritual property in which the past — conceived not as process but as state or place, not as motion but as object — has the entropized permanence of Mbiti's "zamani."

The above theories about traditional time-concepts have another common point — the idea that time is measured and characterized by what is done in it. Time has no abstract, autonomous existence apart from events and possible, immediately imaginable events: the remote future and forgotten pasts, not mythicized or otherwise preserved in the "zamani," do not constitute time. Time, writes Moore, is seen

... as a projection from living experience, rather than as an abstract sequence of fixed units existing in its own right and imposing its pattern upon human activities. The activity itself is paramount, the time sequence relative and adaptable.<sup>11</sup>

"The Yoruba," writes Soyinka, "is not, like European man, concerned with the purely conceptual aspects of time; they are too concretely realised in his own life, religion, sensitivity, to be mere tags for explaining the metaphysical order of his world."<sup>12</sup> Mbiti speaks of traditional society's "phenomenon calendars" to register time as a composition of events, in the place of numerical calendars. "Time has to be experienced in order to make sense or to become real" and "is meaningful at the point of the event and not at the mathematical moment" (Mbiti, pp. 17, 19), a notion with which Okot p'Bitek's Lawino, at least, would agree. The Guyanese novelist Denis Williams has argued that the western form of the novel is opposed to the African writer's "sense of time" and his related penchant "for wrapping himself directly around experience."<sup>13</sup> D. S. Izevbaye has demonstrated, however, that recent African novels have been areas of fruitful interaction between the rectilinear and cyclical, diachrony and synchrony, history and the moment of immediate experience. Some writers, with paradoxical irony, adopt "progressive" European concepts of time to minimize the European impact on African history, construing the colonial interlude as temporary aberration and

not, pessimistically, as historical recurrence. Izevbaye's discussion of Soyinka's *The Interpreters* demonstrates, however, that a cyclical view of history need not inhibit the "imaginative will necessary for breaking from the past."<sup>14</sup>

In the modern urban Africa of Armah's early novels the adopted time-mode is, of course, a westernized chronometric and uni-calendared one, and the switch from the seasonal cycles of the novel of traditional society to the artificial cycles of daily work, weekly pay and monthly debts does not disguise the fact that a more linear and diachronic conception of time is playing against the cyclic structures which shape narrative and theme. Time-values, like other values, are monopolized by a power-elite and are conceived in imitation of its models. Time is thus viewed as the agent of non-repetitive change in a forward direction: this "progress" is defined entirely in terms of personal advancement, or "getting ahead," and arrival at material goals. The fact of time's failure to create any change except for a few seems to have little effect upon its currency. The idea of time as a seamless continuum, without beginning or end, seems remote from contemporary Accra. But the traditional time-consciousness makes a brief appearance at the railway-office. Discovering the fraudulent work of the absent clerk, who extends his "free time" by the fiction of an eternally-dying clan of relatives, the man speculates that

... if some woman come from a village wanting to know such things and asked them straight what exactly it was they spent their time doing, they would never be able to give a real answer. A job was a job. It did not matter at all that nothing was done on most jobs.<sup>15</sup>

The two time-modes come into collision for a moment. On the one hand there is the villager's traditional time-continuum, organically attuned to the seasonal work and events that happen in it and the subsequent inability to conceive of time without event. Time is Moore's "projection from living experience," Mbiti's "composition of events." The seasonal rhythms are linked with the parallel cycle of human growth and decay, which urban political life perversely accelerates, and a stage in this cycle is the "special time" of the funeral which allows a certain

period for the dead man to rejoin his ancestors. On the other hand, there is the urban clerk's contingent, mechanically-shaped time, expandable and reducible, arbitrarily broken into artificial divisions of "working time" and "free time." The conventional divisions are meaningless because they are unrelated to any organic necessity, because no work is done and because "work" and "free" time alike are conditioned by enslavement to the values of the gleam. The job, like the time-mode it exists in, has an autonomous life, regardless of the use it is put to: the job/time exist independently of work/events happening in them. The clerk blasphemously exploits the values of the traditional mode of time which still govern the village funeral to extend a quite different mode of time from the urban world. The cyclic conceptualization of time still features as a part of contemporary experience, but as far as its actual application in ordinary life is concerned, it exists only at the level of ironic manipulation and the satiric distance of the acquisitive city-dweller.

But in the novel of contemporary setting, as in the novel of traditional society, time is still marked by what happens in it. In Armah's railway office, nothing is happening. No work or goods are produced: what is produced is time. The office is staffed by functionaries of time: the man is a time-keeper working alongside Time-Allocations Clerks and Overtime Clerks. These downtrodden clerical drudges metaphorically produce time which the big men devour and give back to them as waste: it is the same stale recycled time, without changes, processed like food in the consumption-evacuation cycle which governs Armah's thinking and saturates his imagery.

The feeling of inertia is ironically reinforced by the redundant time-registers' ritual punctuation of time. Telephones, morse-telegraphs, overtime slips and clocks mechanically mark moments in a vacuum. There are no events to keep pace with them, nothing to match the clock's motion: "Nothing much had happened. Nothing much would happen" (p. 25). The machines record only the failure and stoppage of motion in the lateness and cancellation of trains: "Always the same old things not working" (p. 16). The office is a microcosm of the state, in which repetition is the reality behind an illusion of change. Without change,

time is an unrelieved monotonous blank, "the mocking rattle of the Morse machine mercifully breaking now and then into the frightening sameness of the lonely time" (p. 16). Each clerk crawls without hope "along the same unending path . . ." (p. 33). For those living outside the gleam, time has become a stagnant eventlessness, meaningless and inconsequential like the time of the street-walkers and sellers who wait emptily for nothing. Little or no work is done in "working hours" and corrupt actions to create the productive movement of goods take place outside them.

Mbiti argues that "in traditional African life, time has to be created or produced," that man "'makes' as much time as he wants," and that this "basic concept of time underlies and influences the life and attitudes of African people in the villages, and to a great extent those who work or live in the cities as well" (Mbiti, pp. 19, 20). But it becomes a norm for the novel that survivals from traditional life either lose their functioning power altogether in the transference to the urban context or function only in a perverted form. The traditional habit of waiting for and "producing" time is forced upon Armah's office-workers in a westernized time-context, where time is not creatively experienced or merely "produced" but is itself meant to be productive, where time does not have things done in it but has things done to it and with it, where time is consumed, filled, or used up. The mere production of time cannot cope with the massive boredom inflicted upon the clerks by arbitrary time-schemes irrelevantly geared to commodity-values. The absence of change in this static, merely produced mode of time leads to Rama Krishna's obsession — partly shared by Teacher — with the one and only change that is taking place: the slow irreversible decay of the ageing process. The result is an uncharacteristic linearity of view which fails to see this change as a stage in a cycle of renewal and per-versely speeds up the cycle.

The failure of meaningful events to mark off one moment from another makes it impossible to say exactly when a thing passes into something else. It is discovered that, beneath the rapid superficial upheaval of political independence and the accelerated lifestyles of the Party men, the real change has been so slow

as to be almost imperceptible and is measured, not by motion, but in terms of solid accretion, spatial increase and adjustments in shape. The external details of the railway building wall are "lost in a kind of waxen fusion," the flower-patterns obscured under many coats of pollution which leave "a final impression of lumpy heaviness" (p. 11). Each new coating is "just another inevitable accretion in a continuing story whose beginnings were now lost and whose end no-one was likely to bother about" (p. 11). Motion slows and eventually petrifies into an accreted stillness in which the stages of change are no longer discernible. New polish and the bannister's old decay are mutually and indistinguishably absorbed in a single embrace. At some time Leventis turned into the National Trading Company, the Old into the New Caprice, the colonial administration into government by "the sons of the nation." Since the changes were illusory, the time marking their passage seems also to be an illusion: "How completely the new thing took after the old" (p. 10). The presence of more dirt in the environment than can ever be cleaned away — enough to provide the office-sweeper with three daily cleaning jobs (p. 33) — is partly explained by the parallels and continuities between the consumer habits of Koomson and those of his ancestors. Nothing seems to have changed from "the same people using the same power for chasing after the same enslaving things . . . from the days of chiefs selling their people for the trinkets of Europe" (p. 149). Koomson's hands are "fat, perfumed, soft with the ancestral softness of chiefs who had sold their people and are celestially happy with the fruits of the trade" (p. 131). This implies that all the filth of Africa's history still exists and that the failure to jettison the old contaminates the new. In an environment polluted by the accumulated unpurged rot of history, things are born dead or rotten, infected by what came before: hence the freak manchild, the man-boy in the latrine, the prostitute's "prematurely tired skin" (p. 35), the putrid polish, the aged new leaders, the rank smell of the new banknote, the old graft of the new G.N.T.C. (p. 9). The man can no longer distinguish between the gleam's attraction and repulsion, until it does "both at once in one disgustingly confused feeling all the time . . ." (p. 10).

The spatializing of time is not an abstraction but is realized intensely in a slow-moving, heavily adjectival prose:

Time in which to leap across yards made up of the mud of days of rain; to jump over wide gutters with only a trickle of drying urine at the bottom and so many clusters of cigarette pieces wet and pinched in where they have left the still unsatisfied lips of the sucker. Time to sail with a beautiful smoothness in the sweet direction of the gleam, carrying with easy strength every one of the loved ones; time to change the silent curses of resentful loved ones and the deeper silent questions of those in whom pain and disappointment have killed every other emotion, time to change all this into the long unforced laughter of tired travellers home at last. But when the reproach of the loved ones grow into sound and the pain is thrown outward against the one who causes it, then it is no longer possible to look with any hope at all at time. (p. 46)

Koomson's rapid order of success is much in evidence here: the hurried violation or careless by-passing of natural time-processes represented by "the mud of days of rain"; the trampling over symbolic dirt and deprivation in the form of urine and cigarette stubs; the longing for discontinuous, irreversible change which replaces curses and resentment with the opposite of "unforced laughter"; the arrival at some measurable end, bringing "tired travellers home at last." But the dynamic verbs of motion which are characteristic of the pursuit of the gleam — leaping, jumping, sailing — are distanced and immobilized by the somnambulistic pace of sentences which they consequently fail to energize. The suspension of event in the present tense, the incantatory repetition and the cumbrously adjectival, prepositional and verb-restrictive syntax all militate against motion and arrest time. There is in the effective timelessness of the tense a vagueness about when the events are happening. Time as motion and change is filtered through almost static, stationary prose. The weary repetition of the word "time" in Prufrockian incantation denies time the power of movement, except for the remote leapers. Those resigned to the senseless round cannot "look with any hope at all at time" as it exists in the alternative mode. For these there is always time, stretching out endlessly in Africa's ongoing continuum.



The man's colourful control-graph spatially metamorphoses the stopped time of goods-trains, shunted into sidings to let commuter-trains pass, into pleasing aesthetic patterns which petrify industry into static design. The filing clerk's hour of daily work is, like his "long leave of funerals," subjected to an elastic "stretching out" (pp. 155-56), and the new clerk feels the weight of eventless time: "how heavy are the small ordinary days of the time" (p. 33). In the orgies of description lavished upon mere waiting at terminals, bus trips along the coast and routine journeys up a staircase, there is a suppression of event in favour of sheer phenomenology, a hallucinated epic transcription of the world which diverts attention from the object described to the movement of the description around it in the manner of Robbe-Grillet's "mental structures denuded of time."<sup>16</sup> The stylistic paralysis produces a kind of "descriptive time," the lingering description of static objects turning time itself into an inert weight.

But the westernized descriptive strategies are governed by ideas which are traditionally African. Before it quickens into the hurtling torrents of the retrospective sixth chapter, the novel's imagery of time is of clogged currents and speed slowing to a standstill, modulating through stages from current to heap: from failing machines and the bare trickle of water in gutters to the imperceptible viscous organic rot of the staircase and the solid accretions on beaches, walls, and latrines. In the course of this downward spiral a massive emphasis of image and reference in the early chapters conveys a single impression of time: the narrowing cycle of the man's perambulatory thoughts; the derailed, sporadically mobile goods-trains circling between Takoradi and Kumasi; the clerks and flying ants going round and round in their endless pools; the decrepit fan decelerating through its "long, slow waves of time" (p. 33); the defunct pencil-sharpener (p. 17); the weakening, dim orange-yellow light which "came dully, like a ball whose bounce had died completely" (p. 14). The overwhelming impression is of time entropically running down to a point of stoppage.

There appears to be a strong link in Armah's imagination between the endlessly waiting commuters and clerks waiting for

the end of the month and the mood of many traditional West African communities at the year's changing: "the end of the year is a time when everything in the cosmos is rundown and sluggish, overcome by an accumulation of defilement and pollution."<sup>17</sup> The rapacious bus-conductor waits in eager expectation for "the fullness of the month" to touch "each old sufferer with a feeling of new power" (p. 2), a perverted instance of a community awaiting deliverance. As in the fiction of Awoonor and Okara, a number of elements combine in the novel to identify the man's role with the rite of the carrier in West African coastal communities:<sup>18</sup> his purification rituals, his pathological compassion even for those who do not seek his sympathy and a variety of vestigial tribal notions about contagion, taboo, and estrangement surrounding the introjection of communal burdens. Armah has chosen to see the last weeks of the accelerated but now torpid cycle of the Nkrumah regime in terms of the traditional year-end, when the old year, run-down and dead, is carried off with its lethal burden of accumulated pollutions. The important difference is that it is not merely the corruptions of the past year or the progeric Nkrumah cycle or the whole post-colonial era which are being expelled. Neither is it the century of colonial rule as in Awoonor's novel, *This Earth, My Brother...*<sup>19</sup> It is the vast entropized weight of Africa's history which, in the omission of periodic reformation and regeneration, bequeathes only its old age to young lives — leaving power in the hands of moribund politicians "grown fat and cynical with the eating of centuries of power" (p. 81) or men like Nkrumah, "a new old lawyer, wanting to be white" (p. 84) — and thus renews only its own decay.

The intellectual currents feeding Armah's westernized stylistic experiments are controlled by traditional ideas about the running down and piling up of time and the need for rejuvenation or annulment. The society on which the novel opens is the historical culmination of this process: the book begins at the end. Community in this sluggish body is also in a state of entropy: communications are ineffective, life limps under the weight of waiting, expectation isolates instead of maintaining communal solidarity and the oppressed invest deluded faith in their oppressors. The

mother-in-law's exhausted hopes mislocate the source of deliverance from this malaise in Koomson, who comes offering "the rainbow that would forever end the darkneses of her life and her daughter's life" (p. 152). Confusing messiahs and carriers, selfish privilege and sacrifice, family and community, she mistakes Koomson's opportunism for the service which the man, at a ritual level, will later undertake. Koomson, one of those Ghanaians "who at least know how to take good care of their own," is seen also as one "who can do manly things, and take the burdens of others too" (p. 139).

In the Ghana of the novel it is in the nature of things to pile up, of speed to ossify into mass, of time to collect, heap up, and solidify into described objects. The tired standstill of the first section abounds with images of stopped flow — halted trains and municipal services, uncollected refuse, pockets piled with old bus tickets, showers blocked with scum, "unconquerable filth" damming up streams, old pipes and pre-war rollers fusing with the coastal tip's "perpetual mud," "old water that has stopped flowing and confused itself with decaying oil from broken-down boilers" (p. 40). The mountains of consumer-waste, stretching back to "the days of chiefs selling their people for the trinkets of Europe" (p. 149), become metaphors for the collected past still visible in the present. One such consumer, Amankwa the timber-merchant, is a walking antiquity, carrying history around with him in his "voice of ages" and "generations of teeth." His yellow filmy saliva, spotlighted under the bulb, hints that he is decaying like his timber, with the result that his "many rows" of "piled-up teeth" (p. 95) recall not only the contemporaneous latrine's impetuously piled excrement but also the rows of yellow cement-platforms, "encrusted with old shit," which the concentrated glare of the latrine lights causes to "stand up like old monuments" (p. 105). The rich and vibrant association-networks of Armah's metaphors turn them into monuments to corruption, left over from and memorializing the past. Links are sparked with the "haphazard pile of leftover rocks and solidified bags of cement" carelessly dumped by the builders at the end of the breakwater (p. 172), the white-imitation senior officers' bits of "leftover British craziness" (p. 109) and the

“merchants eating what was left in the teeth of the white men with their companies” (p. 81). At Amankwa’s second appearance, he is wearing a suit that makes him “look like someone’s forgotten bundle” (p. 107). He is the refuse of an unswept past.

Time’s capacity for forward, changeful motion wanes in proportion to the present’s slavish inheritance of leftover things. Moving through this mounting debris with a quietly insistent pressure is the idea of the backward motion of time to a still visible point of terminal stagnation, a storehouse of heaped-up centuries which have not gone out of existence. At this point Armah’s borrowings from cyclical theories of time in traditional societies begin to link up with Mbiti’s large-scale temporal reverse. The residual permanence which is entropically shed by speed’s reducing momentum in the novel is roughly analogous to the concept of “zamani” or “macro-time,” with certain differences: in Armah, Mbiti’s “graveyard” or reservoir of time (Mbiti, p. 23) becomes, characteristically, a garbage-heap stored exclusively with the detritus of corruption. This visible legacy has a more tangible and oppressively influential existence in the present than that which is normally available to personal or tribal memory. The novelist’s version is stripped of religious dimensions which give spirit-status to ancestors, and the novel’s residue of history will not pass naturally out of existence with human oblivion but requires some strenuous act of removal or re-activation. That the latter act, which leads back to the cyclical annulments of Eliade and Horton, is not impossible is suggested by the man’s interspersing among his dark perceptions of terminal junk on the shoreline a few visionary glimpses of the sea’s broader restorative continuum, “fresh in a special organic way that has in it traces of living things from their beginnings to their endings” (p. 40).

The man, in the course of the novel, must learn of the sea what Egbo learns of the lake in Soyinka’s *The Interpreters* — that its represented history is not simply a vacuous negation of time, not merely an accumulated deadness, but a living accretion, a residually active sediment which is still in doubtful and possibly dangerous flux with the present through the broken “crust of time.”<sup>20</sup> In the sea new beginnings grow constantly out

of endings and the two are simultaneously visible. Armah replaces the entropized weight of the year's pollution, miniaturized in the carrier rite to the symbolism of the model boat, with the still viscously active mass of Africa's history: from the escape-boat to which the man has carried Koomson, "the night sea looked thick and viscous, almost solid" (p. 176). The vast trajectories of the cycles travelled in the historical epics and summoned by the time-imagery of the first novel suggest something like an African equivalent of the Great Year described in Eliade's book, two thousand seasons long and staggering under the weight of a tremendous store of evil. The visionary man with the "keen, uncanny eyes and ears of lunatic seers" (p. 12), "the watching eye and the listening ear" (p. 153), becomes one of those who, in Eliade's words, must "bear the burden of being contemporary with a disastrous period by becoming conscious of the position it occupies in the descending trajectory of the cosmic cycle..." (Eliade, p. 118). But in Armah's novel there is no guarantee that the "Year" will end, that regeneration will necessarily follow or that the next cycle will be different.

It has been noticed that the idea of the slow accumulation of time into a visible permanence, in which everything which has ever happened is apprehended with a static simultaneity as if it were all happening at once and were somehow perpetually present, leads to a "descriptive" or "physical-objective" treatment of time: this pushes Armah's thinking towards traditional rituals for the disposal of time, conceived in patterns of cyclical renewal or replacement. This concept of time, placing ends and beginnings side by side as in the man's vision of the sea, is, in Sunday Anozie's words, "largely informed by a sense of synchrony, the static principle of time, and the dynamic permanence of states." Close as it is to traditional African thought, it is opposed to western-technological time which "is based upon a sense of diachrony and of history seen as an evolutionary concept of linear or sequential time..."<sup>21</sup> The latter mode of discontinuous, irreversible time is unleashed upon the chaos of post-war Ghana — a period of violent novelty, unrepeating historical change, and irretrievable loss — in the retrospective sixth chapter. In its future-oriented turmoil, Teacher struggles to reconcile mil-

lennial projections of popular revolution and Utopia with his "patient talk of the cycle of life and death, youth and age, newness and decay . . ." (p. 85) like a man learning to skate on moving ice, and short-term economic programmes and illusions of messianic deliverance are thrust forward into a linear and terminal future. But what appears to those trapped in the history of the period to be a straight line's diachronic severance of the past is more likely to re-define itself, on the panoramic canvas of Armah's time-theory, as the wall of a huge circle moving back into contact with the past. The final impression is something akin to a Lévi-Straussian "synchro-diachronic" binary opposition which simultaneously disjoins and conjoins ancestors and contemporaries, originators and inheritors, innovators and imitators "because nothing has been going on since the appearance of the ancestors except events whose recurrence periodically effaces their particularity."<sup>22</sup> Koomson is less imaginative than his ancestral models but it is clear that little has happened in the time between them apart from their shared corruption. Neo-colonialism repeats colonial and pre-colonial evils. Inverting Eliade, Armah turns African history into an archetypal repetition of *unexemplary* events (Eliade, p. 90), a continuing imitation of worthless models of which white imperialism is only one. The explosion of new births at the end of the book does not disguise the strong suggestion that the ritual of annulment has initiated only a new cycle of decay, a renewal of evil. There are no millennial deliverances from the past, no beautiful saviours waiting to be born: only the eternal and — in Armah's novel — evil return.

## NOTES

- 1 Gerald Moore, "Time and Experience in African Poetry," *Transition*, 26 (1966), 19.
- 2 Gerald Moore, "The Imagery of Death in African Poetry," *Africa*, 38 (1968), 63.
- 3 Wole Soyinka, *Myth, Literature and the African World* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1976), p. 144.
- 4 Robin Horton, "African Traditional Thought and Western Science," *Africa*, 37 (1967), 176-81.
- 5 Mircea Eliade, *The Myth of the Eternal Return*, trans. Willard R. Trask (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1965).

- <sup>6</sup> Dennis Duerden, *African Art and Literature: The Invisible Present* (London: Heinemann, 1977), pp. 3-24.
- <sup>7</sup> Victor Turner, *The Ritual Process* (Harmondsworth: Pelican, 1974).
- <sup>8</sup> Duerden, pp. 16-18, 49, 55, 69-70.
- <sup>9</sup> J. S. Mbiti, *African Religions and Philosophy* (London: Heinemann, 1969), p. 21.
- <sup>10</sup> Sunday Anozie, *Structural Models & African Poetics* (London: Routledge, 1981), pp. 50-61.
- <sup>11</sup> Moore, "Time and Experience," p. 18.
- <sup>12</sup> Soyinka, p. 144.
- <sup>13</sup> Denis Williams, "The Mbari Publication," *Nigeria Magazine*, 75 (December 1962), 69.
- <sup>14</sup> D. S. Izevbaye, "Time in the African Novel," *Journal of Commonwealth Literature* 17, No. 1 (August 1982), 85.
- <sup>15</sup> *The Beautiful Ones Are Not Yet Born* (1969; London: Heinemann, 1975), p. 156; hereafter cited parenthetically.
- <sup>16</sup> Alain Robbe-Grillet, *Pour un nouveau roman* (Paris: Gallimard, 1963), p. 164 ("des structures mentales privées de 'temps'").
- <sup>17</sup> Horton, "African Traditional Thought," p. 177; cf. his "New Year in the Delta," *Nigeria Magazine* 67 (1960), 256-74.
- <sup>18</sup> Horton, "New Year in the Delta"; Kofi Awoonor, *This Earth, My Brother...* (London: Heinemann, 1972); Gabriel Okara, *The Voice* (London: Heinemann, 1970).
- <sup>19</sup> Awoonor, pp. 28, 179.
- <sup>20</sup> Wole Soyinka, *The Interpreters* (London: Heinemann, 1970), p. 10.
- <sup>21</sup> Anozie, p. 61.
- <sup>22</sup> C. Lévi-Strauss, *The Savage Mind* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1966), p. 236.